

Explanation

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Summary: This is an extremely twisted story I wrote. It's very different, and I'm sure I'll get a lot of flamed reviews, but please read it. It's a very strong story. I was crying when I wrote it, I was so freaked out! Anyway, it's a very different type of writing

Explanation

"Harry Potter." Plain and simple words, yet powerful emotions they could cause to one.

>
 "Harry Potter." Again it was spoken. Once was not enough to display all of the boy's amazing purity.

>
 "Harry Potter, how did you do it." It wasn't a question. It was a phrase of evil hatred toward him.

>
 He responded to the phrase, as if it were meant to be answered. "I don't know." A truthful answer. Never Lie! Dumbledore had told him. The consequences of lying are worse than any truth.

>
 "I suppose that makes you even more great, Harry Potter." The voice was still cold, yet a trace of lightness could be heard with gifted ears.

>
 "People have told me I'm great. And I am." An answer with confidence. An answer with spunk that frightened his enemy, even though Harry was ten times as afraid as he.

>
 "You are great, Harry Potter. Much more than I ever was, or ever will be. You have much power that can be put to good use, if you know how to control it."

>
 Harry's eyes narrowed. "My power is not dark power. It is the power that Dumbledore had, the power that you once had...and now I have it."

>
 "Dumbledore didn't have that power, Harry Potter. If he did he would have survived when I tried to kill him. I did kill him Harry Potter. You know I did."

>
 He was perfectly right. Dumbledore was dead, and everyone knew who killed him.

>
 "I could not kill you, Harry Potter. If I can't kill you, I suspect no one can."

>
 Harry didn't take that as a compliment. It wasn't one. It was

an invitation. An invitation to join him.

>
 A change of subject entered Harry's mind. He knew that he was perfectly safe now. Voldemort would not kill him. He couldn't.

>
 "Why did you kill my parents."

>
 It was another non-question phrase. Voldemort cloned Harry and answered it truthfully: "Harry Potter, you already know."

>
 Harry took a leap into his innermost heart. His deepest secrets and biggest fears laid there. And his most outrageous questions.

>
 "My father."

>
 Voldemort passed an evil grin to Harry. "My son."

>
 Harry took no surprise to this. "I never knew of my father's past. I never knew his family. I never knew him."

>
 Harry stood face to face with his grandfather. This was not the way other grandfathers were. They gave you money for your birthday and took you for drives in their cars. They didn't kill their sons.

>
 "You were jealous of your own son. You knew that he was going to overtake you eventually and defeat you. So you beat him to the bush. You killed him before he had a chance to to kill you."

>
 Harry felt strong on the outside. Inside, he was crumbling. His life was so unlike everyone else's.

>
 "You are very intelligent, Harry Potter. However...there is one thing that you don't know. No one does except for myself and...Perhaps you should know this now..."

>
 Harry's head split with curiosity. Whatever it was, he was sure it was evil, and it was very, very bad.

>
 "I didn't kill your parents Harry Potter. I killed dozens of others, but I didn't kill them. It was only you I wanted to kill."

>
 "It...can't...be true. You have admitted it so many times to me before...you...can't..."

>
 "Harry Potter, do you think I have no intelligence at all? I lied. Lied! Led everyone to believe I did it. With help from my followers of course. It was my partner who did it. My partner! He was even more evil than myself! He wanted to kill them, Harry Potter. He hated them so much!"

>
 "No...this isn't right...it can't possibly be true!" Harry was steamrolled with emotions.

>
 Voldemort continued. "Yes, we went to your house together. I thought we were there just to kill you, Harry...but my partner had other ideas. He wanted to kill my son. So I stopped him. I lost all of my power doing it. That is why I failed to kill you. He...however...succeeded in his mission...and escaped innocent, while I was left by him to die.

>
 Harry brought his head up from tears. "Why did you want to kill me?"

>
 A tear...a tear, a tear? Voldemort had a tear sliding down his face. "I was evil. I hated all life that wasn't evil. I could sense that there was something special about you, Harry Potter. I didn't want you to take me over."

>
 Harry bit his lip. "You still haven't."

>
 The silence that followed was awesome. Finally, Voldemort spoke. "Why do you think you are so powerful, Harry?"

>
 "Dumbledore said because you gave me some of your power."

>
 Voldemort then said: "Dumbledore has always favored you, hasn't he?"

>
 Harry nodded stiffly.

>
 "Do you know why?"

>
 "He favored my father..."

>
 Voldemort's red eyes looked at the ground. "He did favor you

Harry, but not your father." A few silent seconds passed, and then Voldemort spoke again..."He wasn't the one that wanted to kill you."

>
 Harry collapsed to the floor.

>
 "He was the one that wanted to kill James. He wanted to take you and train you to be the best dark wizard in the world, ever! He never punished you at school, eh?"

>
 "It's not true!" Harry yelled!

>
 "Harry, his powers were transformed into you too. He and I were mortal enemies from that point on! Everytime I tried to kill you, he would try and stop me! And Harry Potter, I could have killed you too! Now I am not strong enough at all! You are the most powerful wizard of all time, and you're only seventeen years old!"

>
 Harry just stood there. He knew it was true. Every word of it.

>
 "So that's why you killed him. That's why!"

>
 "Yes."

>
 "Voldemort, I now can become a great sorcerer and help many people because I am good and you are evil! I will always be good, and you will not!"

>
 "Harry Potter, you are just like your father. So strong to avoid all things evil, just like him!"

>
 "Yes Voldemort, but this story has a different ending. This time, I win."

>
 Harry raised his wand high over his head and yelled out a curse so deadly that not even he himself could block it. It killed Voldemort.

>
 "I'm going to give the world back everything that you and Dumbledore have taken from it!" he yelled.

>
 And he did. Harry Potter was great, truly great.

>

End
file.